

"murther!" with other ejaculations of sorrow and compassion, broke in loud accents from their lips. And so sweetly touching still were the cadences of Mary's plaintive, though unheard words, whatever they imported, that as a child would do, Terence almost began to follow Chevaun's example on the occasion, "for company;" when one other query, now put by that good woman, so as to be heard by him, gave his feelings a new direction.

"An' poor Terry O'Brien, Mary *a-chorra*?"

"A-hoy! Here!" answered Terence, making a step forward, and again standing stock-still on his extended legs, as if answering to a "musther on deck."

But Chevaun and Murty only motioned to him to be quiet and mute, while their visiter, after a bound on her seat, at the boisterous and sudden interruption he had given, drew her cloak tighter round her head and face, and became, after a long-drawn sigh, quite silent.

All followed her example, and there was a sad pause for some time, which Murty at length broke by softly drawing from Mary's arm the stockings she had already hinted were for his use, and praising them to the skies. Then Chevaun suddenly started up, withdrew into an inner room—if so we may call that portion of the cabin separated from the place where they sat only by a wicker partition, not reaching to the roof, nor even from wall to wall, across the clay-floor—and returned with a little basket, containing some unseen articles, which with many entreaties, she forced Mary to accept. Terence thought he began to surmise the cause of Mary's grief, and formed his resolutions accordingly.

"Well I must be stirring now," said the object of his interest; and she arose, and, features and person still cloaked up from him, was passing to the door after a farewell shake-hands on the part of honest Murty, and a kiss, through tears, on that of his spouse. Terence, with another hail, and another step, gained her side, and dropped something into her basket; Mary, again starting, picked out of it "a raal balloon guinea," instantly deposited the coin on the table, and saying as if avoidingly, "No, no—not from you—no, no!" walked smartly away from the house.

"But you might, though," bawled Terence after her; "it's a threw yellow-boy, every splice of id—an' honestly got, 'board ould ship—my hulk to ould Davy, but it is! But she won't answer hail; well, well, I see what's in the wind—thinks the ould seymen can't afford it—or else thinks he had it by piracy." Such were Terence's sagacious guesses at Mary's notions, which, however, he was to live to understand a little better. Chevaun and Murty looked expressively at each other.

"Ay, ay," resumed Terence; "but all's one for that; since she will sheer off, up goes the shiner into the ould locker again," and he replaced it in his

waistcoat pocket; "an' so, shipmit, the ould hulk ^{to} shove off, too, on a new tack, without any memor randle a-board—eh, shipmit?"

"Och, no, thin, an' blessings on the kind heart in your body!" answered Murty, his mind more full than ever of anxiety to do the admiral a service, notwithstanding the many interruptions his previous efforts had undergone. In fact his own honest nature was grateful for Terence's proof of sympathy towards poor Mary.

"No, no, don't stir a step, yet, for the life o' you!" seconded Chevaun, in something of the same spirit.

Again she moved, and again the eyes of her husband and Terence followed her. Chevaun made her way to the cupboard, and was about to open it, when she paused, turned towards her friends and solemnly addressed them.

"I'll tell yez what was a loocky thing, ather all."

Murty anxiously demanded "what?"

"That when the paper tuk fire there was none o' the writin' on id."

"Bee gownies!" an' so it was," cheerfully assented her husband, rejoicing in any set-off against his undeniable ill-huck.

"Ay, right, mistress," also agreed the admiral; "good chance iv a sar'nty, that none o' the crew were aboard when ould ship blue up: for up along wid it they'd ha' gone, and not a sowl saved, d'ye see me."

"See that, now," resumed Mrs. Meehan, congratulating herself upon her ingenious remark; "there's nothin' so bad in this world, but it might be worse. An' so, Murty, agra, don't be down-hearted any longer." She laid her hand on that of her husband, and looked commiseratingly into his face; "let by-gones be by-gones; what's past can't be helped if a body were to lay down a life for id."

"Thru for you Chevaun; bud will you be able to make out another scrap o' the paper?"

"There's the gorsoon's copy-book in the cupboard—can't we just tear a lafe out o' that Murty, a *cuislla-mu-cheve*?"

"Bee gownies, an' so we can! you are always an'ivir a kind sowl, Chevaun," smiled Murty, greatly relieved—"the heavens prosper you."

For we do not remember exactly how many times every thing and every person were again ready. It may be surmised that, previous to his wife's happy thought of the gorsoon's copy-book, Murty Meehan had, from his repeated failures, become somewhat cooled in his first estimate of his own capability to master the task before him, and, notwithstanding his seeming anxiety to persevere, might perhaps have half wished to clude it—up the chimney, if he could—with the burnt paper. Now, however, Chevaun's presence of mind left him no excuse for drawing back and either he prepared to renew his efforts in a